

11-14-1913

Letter from Jane W. Cary, Boston, Massachusetts to Mrs. Wren B. Cary, Windsor, Connecticut, 1913 November 14 ; Letter from Jane W. Cary, Boston, Massachusetts to Helen Cary, Windsor, Connecticut, 1913 November 14

Jane W. Cary

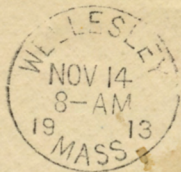
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Mrs. Wm B. Cary
Windsor
Connecticut

Dear Helen,

There are some
pieces of cloth that I don't
want around & I thought
they could go in the paper
trunk. The letters are
very precious - the
best ones I've had this
year & will you please
put them somewhere
where they will be un-
disturbed - my desk
or the 2^d hand top
drawer of the hall
bureau.

Thank you!

Jan

on the 1:03 train to
Boston, 14 November

Dear Mommy,
You probably
wonder what possesses me, but
you see we are going in town on
an Economics trip and I am
utilizing the time on the way. We
are going to visit the tenements
in the North end and, I imag-
ine it will be very interesting.
I will tell you all about it in
my Sunday letter.

You ^{know} my barrel came this
morning! Did you hear of all
the wonderful things in it? And
I expected only apples! I kept
taking out one little surprise
after another and how happy
I was to see everything coming
out one by one. The apples -

and so many - it is such
fun to have enough to give
all the girls. I've never been so
popular before in my life!
It was a week and three
days on the way and you
know things were packed so
well that they weren't stale
the least little bit.

I keep thinking about really
being home for Thanksgiving.
I can hardly believe I am
going - but I am, and it's
not very far off either. Is
everyone going to be home? I
hope so, for there would sure
be a happy family? Everyone
thinks I must have a wonder-
ful family; those who know it
reassure them and I agree.

I must tell Helen a few things
now, so goodbye morning.
Your sister

Dearest Helen,

when I think of all the things you have to do at home and of your adding to your work by making a cake and fixing jam and making candy for me and my friends, I think you are, well pretty much of a marvell.

I loved the funny little Halloween things you stuck in too. In fact, I just loved it all and I hardly know how to tell you and Poppy how much! but I never, in all my life expected anything quite so grand! If I say "Thank you" you'll know it means lots more than that, won't

you - thing that one thinks
inside, but can't say.

Marguerite was tickled
to pieces with her box of
sandy. Everytime I've seen
her she has been smiling
and saying she was so
happy to think you thought
about her. She has it bad.

To-night I am going to have
my best friends in the house,
come in at half past nine
(we can be noisy from 9:30-10)
and we will have a feast on
the cake. Then to shower
evening. I'll have the whole
house in to eat apples! Won't
it be fun? I wish so often you
were up here to be in things too.

Huntington Avenue is fast
approaching and I'll get left
if I don't stop. Love and a heap
of it from Jane.